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and seeing the Hessian Cockneys watching some dry canal, with patient anxiety, till the moment of the water's taking that course; and filling the empty vase of some basking Amphion.—However the scene was a gay one, and the splendid carriage of the Elector, who sat in all the glory of a rich uniform and moustaches "*a la Prusse*," smoking most cavalierly, beside a lady, (not *his* Duchess,) was at once characteristic of the country and the individual.

After stopping here for three days, which passed most agreeably, we again took flight, and at the end of a forty miles excursion,

"In our stage-coach waggon, trotting in,
We made our entrance to the U.
Niversity of Gottingen."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

WE scarcely know why we address our readers on this subject just now, except to tell them that we remember no time so dull as the present. The French are merely re-publishing and translating. In the former department, we remark particularly Châteaubriand's works, publishing, *en Livraisons*, Rollin's with notes, and I. B. Rousseau's. Of the latter we have already mentioned some, in a previous number, to these we may now add, Moore's life of Byron by Madame Sw. Belloc, who has already translated some other English works, and who constantly reviews English literature in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in which, as might almost be expected, she sometimes delivers opinions that sound strangely enough in English ears; thus she lately asserted, in that work, that all the disturbances in Ireland proceeded from the methodists. In her prospectus to Lord Byron's *Memoirs*, she also says that Lord B.'s works ought to be as much enjoyed, (*goûté*), in France as in England, he being one of the children of the Revolution, which has not only altered the graver pages of history, but modified the imagination of poets, by placing before them facts such as almost to surpass imagination itself.

We may mention the price as a contrast with the English edition, 2 vols. 8vo. are published and cost 7 fr. 50. c. a volume! Another translation is of the poems of King Louis of Bavaria, which contain some passages, no way complimentary to the French, for instance one to this effect, "If you would have a mean opinion of human nature, go to France, and you will have attained your object." A new edition of Sir. W. Scott's novels, translated by Defauconpret, is also appearing, and by the same translator, a complete one of Cooper's.

Two new Dramatic pieces are performing with success in Paris, one by Mess. Soumet and Belmontet, *Une fête de Néron*, a dangerous subject to choose, as it necessarily calls to mind Racine's *Britannicus*, which if it would not be reckoned in the present time a dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, must at any rate be allowed to be a beautiful conversation in verse, with noble conceptions, and as excellent poetry as the poverty of the French language is capable of expressing. The subject of this tragedy is the death of Agrippina, which Nero endeavours to compass by various means, partly at the instigation of Poppea; once he sends her to sea in a vessel, of which part is to loosen, and this she escapes; then poison is tried, against which she is fortified by antidotes; and at length, she is slain by his soldiers in the palace. This

piece is said to be written with considerable elegance, and force.

Mons. Scribe has also brought forth from his fruitful brain, a new *bagatelle*, entitled, *Les Inconsolables*; these *inconsolables* are a young man whose sweetheart dies, the other a lady whose husband departs this life in America; they meet, pity each other, every body knows what pity is akin to, they sympathize, and—fall in love.

Of original works, we have to announce to our readers, the termination of Mons. Capefigue's history of Philippe Auguste; the third and fourth vols. contain the history of the crusade against the Albigenes, and some details of civil life in the middle ages.

There has also appeared a production, called *Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe*; we shall examine and report upon it at an early opportunity, probably next week, as it has already reached us.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.—Hughes, London.

To the Irish antiquary and patriot, any publication that tends to throw light upon any branch of Celtic literature, must possess much of the interest that attaches to researches confined to the literary relics of his own country. The Hibernian origin of the brave clans of Morven, admits of the clearest demonstration; and Ireland owes to a Welsh writer, the more gratifying proof, that the Gaelic originals of Ossian are the literary patrimony of Erin.* Though the affinity between the Irish and the Welsh, be more remote than that between the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders, a careful comparison of the languages of the two first named nations, will leave no doubt as to their original identity. The bond of consanguinity seems to have been remembered even down to the final subjugation of both; Ireland was always the retreat of the Welsh princes, when they could no longer maintain their own mountain fortresses against the overwhelming power of the Normans; and it is recorded of one of their Sovereigns, Blethyn ap Conon, that after a residence of a long duration in Ireland, he returned to his own country, with a company of skilful Irish musicians, who were very serviceable in modifying and improving the regulations to which the harpers and vocalists of his court were amenable. The editors of this periodical seem influenced, as far as men may be in these unromantic times, by the hereditary feeling towards their Irish brethren; they are anxious, as far as possible, to condescend with all publications or institutions for the illustration of the early annals of Ireland, confident that a literary union of the scholars in different branches of the Celtic, is the only effectual means of throwing a steady and consistent light on the primeval history of these islands.

Of the numbers that have hitherto appeared, the last is decidedly the best; it is not encumbered, as the first four numbers, in some measure, are, by articles of a somewhat local and pedantic cast.

There is, in the first number, a history of the Gauls and Armoricans, by a learned Breton correspondent of a Cambrian Society in London, which, from its erudite and ingenious

investigation of all the classical authorities that throw any light on the condition of the first Celtic colonists of Europe, is well deserving the attention of our young Vallanceys and O'Halarans; in the second number commences an article, under the title of the *Passengers*, which is intended to serve the traveller in Wales, as a guide to the most picturesque points of the mountain scenery, and to direct his attention to the geological and botanical phenomena.

The first number for the present year, amongst other articles, contains a sketch of a tour in Brittany, which gives a better insight into the manners, music, and literature of the brave Celtic colony that inhabit that country, than any work hitherto published; indeed, from the strong national affinity, no one is so well qualified to do justice to the subject as a Welshman. The Cambrian tourist met with a curious Irish manuscript which his Breton friends assured him they had shown to numbers, even of Irishmen, who could not explain it. A specimen is given in page 42.

There is also, in this number, an exposure of an intemperate attack in Blackwood's Magazine on the character of the Welsh and Irish. To the former the writer ascribes a character for dull mysticism and smouldering anger, and talks of them as a mixture of Celt and Saxon, which is an historical mistake.

The Cambrian replies by ridiculing the metaphysics of this philosopher of the land of metaphysics.

"If 'imagination' and 'perseverance' produce 'dull mysticism,' Milton would have written Nixon's Prophecies or Moore's Almanack, instead of *Paradise Lost*; and Shakspeare would have been a country conjuror in indifferent practice, instead of the enchanter whose magic wand drew that circle within which none durst walk but he."

The witer (in Blackwood's) appeal to the Welsh language, as a proof that the Welsh are a mixture of Celt and Saxon, is answered by a quotation from Mr. Sharon Turner, who asserts *directly the contrary*, calling the Welsh "peculiar and original;" and he mentions its being "so unlike the other languages of Europe," as a reason why foreigners have so seldom acquired it!

The Cambrian controversialist, by way of showing himself as great an adept in Caledonian matters, as the Caledonian had shown himself in logic and the Welsh language, proceeds to prove that Wallace and Burns were, according to the united authorities of Pinkerton and Sir Walter Scott, Welshmen!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 22nd.

Our heads are still turned with the ball which was lately given for the relief of the poor, and the receipts of which exceeded £5000. About 300 English were present at this entertainment; but of all the ambassadors in Paris there were only two, viz. those of England and Russia. All the expenses of the entertainment were defrayed by the king; 1000lbs. of wax candles were used, and the company consumed 8000 quarts of lemonade, orgeat, &c. 8000 ices, and 8000 cakes. It was particularly noticed, that of all the Royal Family, only the members of the Orleans branch were present; but their absence has been accounted for by prior and indispensable engagements.

* See the *Claims of Ossian*, by the Rev. Edward Davies.